

# Genelec & Memphis Reigns (Ft. Dan J) – Move

## Move Lyrics

[Hook: Genelec x2]

Move, leave deep tracks when I move  
Move, seek new paths when I move  
Move, let the breeze lead when I move  
Move, I got to be free when I move

[Verse 1: Genelec]

I gotta, rearrange  
Find myself tangled in same - similar - mundane  
What once was strange, now grips with familiarity  
Gotta be tearin the border cause it's scarin' me, I dislike change  
And frost-covered windowpanes  
I'd rather be lost in the rain, I need change, I yearn for change  
Just some fluctuation  
Fuck waitin' up inside my little cable ready station  
Cause I'd rather be exploring the nation  
And touring the place where the city's gritty and polished  
The life's demolished and upright, all of the sites  
London to Santa Cruz, something I plan to do  
Cross the earth on the move, destination let the wind choose

[Verse 2: Dan J]

Never ever let the thoughts cause the proper friction  
The lack of movement loses clock revolutions  
Wishful thinking wasting haste steals the taste  
And I gotta peep the craving  
I gotta make my mark stepping on the wet pavement  
Constructed constrictions holding victims imprisoned  
In the prism of a red traffic light, blinding sights  
Crippled positions with shriveled dwindled visions  
? thoroughbred the fear of flight  
We-e-ell this colorblind bird dreams of stop signs and blurs  
Was the first to leave the nest with no regrets  
He left the rest to feel the crest of the wind's breath  
He holds it in his chest  
Never perched  
I soar and searched with wing span from the diaphragm as I exam  
Over the head, and below the astro turf

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Memphis Reigns]

? Wake mine, great as rhyme  
Waits for not a single man  
The unplanned spans scourin' paths passed throughout the land  
Yo ya chance to scan the global grass fallin' upon ya head  
Now they slippin' through the cracks of father time's hourglass hand  
Systematically cruisin' through the darkest jungles of Thailand  
Strikin' with the force that's splittin' the Hawaiian Islands  
It's my hand, artifact for art in fact is misinterpreted

Direction of my path is now converted, coerced with  
The traveling volume that shall explore  
I'm droppin' knowledge like they ain't gonna risk the ocean floor  
Furthermore I hover through out of seance so quite connivingly  
I'm embracin' the melting pot of colors create on my society  
I'm merely a camouflage curtain the hurting soul  
See the world or get trapped in this version of Truman Show  
It's my turn, activate and circumnavigate the maze  
Manifest the manuscript, I traveled sixty day